

Reynolds-Appuhn.

Tuesday evening at half past seven marked a happy event in social circles of the town, when Mr. Irwin Reynolds was united in marriage to Miss Susie Appuhn. Mr. Reynolds holds a lucrative position in the passenger depot of the Rock Island, and Miss Appuhn has been a popular member of the able force with the Citizen's State Bank. A number of friends were present at the home of the groom early in the evening, the parties officiating arriving later, in automobiles.

The ceremony, was the elaborate "ring ceremony" and was impressively carried through by Rev. Kellogg of the Presbyterian church. The bride was very beautifully gowned in pale blue silk, and carried an exquisite bunch of beautiful white roses, the ladies present were supplied with them also through the kindness of the groom. The couple received many fine presents and heart felt wishes for a happy future. In a few weeks they intend to make a short wedding trip, remaining away a month or more. The Democrat extends the usual good wishes to the couple.

Married.

Without saying a word to anyone about it Mr. Louis J. E. Coillot of the Liberal Hardware Company, procured a license in this city the first of last week and with it tucked snugly away in his inside pocket he boarded the train for his home in Pittsburg, Kans., where Miss Zelma May McGuire patiently awaited his coming. They were married Wednesday at the Christian church there, with only a few friends and relatives present to witness the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Coillot returned to Liberal Tuesday, where they will make their future home. Mr. Coillot has been a clerk in the Liberal Hardware and Implement Co., since August, and is a well liked young man. The Democrat congratulates the young couple and wish them much happiness through life.

Obituary.

Catherine Matilda Hamby was born October, 23, 1834 near Raleigh, N. C. When but a child her father moved to Dent Co., Mo., where she grew up. In 1860 she was married to Jesse Benjamin Martin. They took up their residence in Texas County, Mo., four children, one daughter and three sons were born to them, all of which are still living. The husband and father passed away in 1882. Mrs. Martin resided on the old homestead until last June, when she came with her son William to Beaver County, Okla.

She was converted and united with the M. E. Church at the age of twenty-four years. She remained a consistent and faithful member of the same until death. Her faith was strong and her hope bright till the last. She fell asleep in Jesus Jan. 3, 1911, age seventy-six years two months and ten days.

The funeral services were conducted at the home in south Liberal by Rev. L. R. Hoff, pastor M. E. Church. The remains were laid to rest in the Liberal cemetery to await the resurrection morning.

H. E. Rowan, the editor of the "Leader" of Bloomingdale, Mich., who has been out in this part of the country for the past two weeks visiting with his brother G. C. Rowan of Obern made this office a pleasant call Wednesday for the purpose of arranging an exchange of papers. Mr. Rowan is very much interested in this part of the country and wants to keep in touch with its doings. He said he came out to be in the land of sunshine and broad prairie and landed in a cold spell that made the thermometer sink to what was an unknown depth in his country.

Zell Taylor has the finest car of apples ever shipped into Liberal. They are on sale under the First National Bank.

1-3-2t.

The Churches.

BAPTIST

Services at the First Baptist church, on West Second Street, each Lord's day:

Bible School..... 9:45 a. m.
Preaching..... 11 a. m.
Subject—"Do The Scriptures Contradict on Repentance And Faith."

B. Y. P. U..... 6:30 p. m.
Preaching..... 7:30 p. m.
Subject—"Do The Scriptures Contradict on A Scriptural Church."

Teachers' Meeting, Tues. 8 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, Thurs. 8 p. m.
Choir Practice, Frid., 8 p. m.
W. H. M. S. 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in each month 2 p. m.
A cordial invitation is extended to all.

L. H. HARPER, Pastor
CHRISTIAN

Corner Kansas Ave. and 4th St.
Bible School..... 9:45 a. m.
Communion and Sermon..... 11 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E..... 6:30 p. m.
Praise Service, Sermon 7:30 p. m.
Prayer Service, Thurs. 7:30 p. m.
Teachers' Training class each Friday..... 8 p. m.
Meeting of the Ladies' Missionary society the first Wednesday in each month..... 3 p. m.
All, and especially strangers and visitors in the city, are cordially invited to enjoy these services with us.

"Whoever will may come."

J. A. CORNELIUS, Minister

PRESBYTERIAN

Sunday school..... 9:45 a. m.
Preaching..... 11 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E..... 6:30 p. m.
Preaching..... 7:30 p. m.
Prayer Meeting, Thurs. 7:30 p. m.
Ladies' Aid on Thursday of each alternate week (beginning December 15th)..... 2 p. m.
Your presence will be appreciated.

C. W. KELLOGG, Pastor
METHODIST

Sunday School..... 9:45 a. m.
Preaching..... 11:00 a. m.
Subject—"The August Judge."
Class Meeting..... 12:00 p. m.
Epworth League..... 6:30 p. m.
Preaching..... 7:30 p. m.
Subject—"The Prodigal Son, His Return."

Prayer Meeting, Wed., 7:30 p. m.
Teachers' Training Class.

Thursday..... 7:30 p. m.
Choir Practice, Friday 8:00 p. m.
Official Board Meeting

1st Monday in month 7:30 p. m.
Mission Study Class 2nd and 4th Friday each month..... 7:15 p. m.
This is a home-like church, and exists for your benefit. Come!

L. R. HOFF, Pastor.
Revival meetings are in progress. The services will continue until Jan. 20. From Jan. 20 to 29th the pastor will be assisted by Rev. Joseph H. Smith, D. D. of Meridian, Miss. You are invited to be present at every service.

SCHEDULE OF LIBERAL M. E. CHURCH.

Independence Church, at Lorens, Okla., 1st and 3rd Sundays of the month..... 11 a. m.
Union church in Okla., 1st and 3rd Sundays of month..... 3 p. m.
Wideawake church in Kansas, 2nd Sunday of the month..... 11 a. m.
Green Valley church, in Kansas, 2nd Sunday of month..... 3 p. m.
Ethelton church Ethelton, Kansas, 4th Sunday of month..... 11 a. m.
Obern church, in Kansas, 4th Sunday of month..... 7:30 p. m.
T. B. PARAMORE, P. C.

Episcopal Services.

Episcopal services Sunday evening at 7:30 in the public Rest Room.

A Colby lady who is given to boasting a good deal went into a store the other day and said to the lady clerk, "I wish you would suggest a suitable present for my husband. He neither drinks nor smokes, does not go out night or play cards." "Perhaps," said the clerk, "he would appreciate some chochet work."

Mrs. F. A. McCoy is on the sick list this week.

The LADY OF THE ROSE LEAF

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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Carson, leaning over the railing on the drive, high above the pier, watched the great battleships. There were six of them in a row, all of somber gray with the flaming red of the sunset behind them. Up their sides the jacks swarmed in a procession, like a stream of white ants. Tomorrow they would set sail and be off for strange lands. Carson viewed them enviously; he yearned for adventure, any break in the monotony of his dull life. He longed to sail tropic seas, to touch on foreign shores, to live for a time a life completely divorced from his desk in the big wholesale house where he was bookkeeper.

And, even as he longed for romance, it came to him. The cold wind, sweeping down from the north, brought with it something besides the dried leaves and dust from the roadway, for, fluttering like a butterfly above his head, and finally finding a resting place on the rough sleeve of his coat, came a rose leaf, pink and curling at the edges.

Carson glanced around him. Up and down the gray stretches of the drive automobiles and carriages came and went. The sidewalks were crowded with people who had come to view the battleships. In front of him was the river; back of him rows of skyscraping apartment houses towered clifflike. Of course, the rose leaf might have come from any passing motor, but Carson's eyes sought the solution from the closed windows of the apartment house just behind.

Far up there was a little balcony, and on the balcony stood a girl. She



Longed to Sail Tropic Seas.

was almost a child, and her fair hair was tied with a black ribbon. In her hands she held a rose, and her fingers plucked at the petals.

Carson knew that looking at it from a sober, practical point of view he was simply a plain bookkeeper watching the battleships, and that the rose leaf had floated to him by a mere chance, yet a sort of second sense made him feel that fate had brought the pink petal for some deeper purpose. Never in his cut-and-dried life had he dared to do anything unconventional, but in this windy twilight, with the big ships looming up against that background of crimson, he felt an uplift of spirits, an urgent need to do something that should make tomorrow different from other Mondays.

He put the rose leaf carefully in his pocketbook, then went into the vestibule of the big apartment house. The elevator boy lounged, brass buttoned and self-confident, in the doorway. A tip and a few questions brought out the fact that the name of the young lady on the balcony was Wynne—Miss Doris Wynne.

Carson went away with his pulses beating. Doris Wynne and a rose leaf! Surely that was a combination that should make for romance.

That night he wrote this note: "Dear Lady of the Rose Leaf: "This petal floated down on me as I stood watching the battleships to-night, beneath your balcony. I looked up and saw your face. I have no right to ask you to admit me to your friendship, but some day I hope to meet you, and I am sending this so that when that happy time arrives you may know my name."

He signed it "Maurice Carson" and sent it off.

After that, life seemed very different. Like some ardent Romeo, he

spent much time beneath the balcony. Now and then he saw the girl but he made no sign. His adoration should stoop to no common flirtation; but such was his faith in fate that he believed the meeting would come some day, and that it would come in some way that made it right. Yet he didn't dream that happiness was so near until one rainy evening when he reached the wall that overlooked the Hudson, and saw leaning on it, not far away, a girl in black. A heavy veil was thrown back from her face and showed it white and thin. All the joy, all the gladness had gone out of it, and yet it was his lady of the rose leaf.

He dared not approach her, yet his heart went out to her in sympathy. Only some great loss would have clothed her in such mourning.

He wished he were a woman so he might approach, but knowing that his wish was futile he sought some other way. He watched her until she went back into the big house, and then he found a florist and squandered half a week's salary on a great bunch of pink roses which matched the petal which had fluttered to him on that fateful Sunday night. He sent them up to her with a note which told her that he had learned of her sorrow. This time he gave his address, because if there was anything he could do he begged her to let him know it.

An answer came which began: "Dear Maurice Carson:

"I do need a friend very much. My father's death has left me alone and helpless in a big city. Many weeks ago I showed him your letter, and he said, 'If you ever meet him I believe you can trust him.' May I trust you, Maurice Carson? If I can; will you come to me tomorrow morning?"

Maurice went, and found that her friends were in the south. He telegraphed for a faded cousin, who came on and helped him move Doris into a plain little flat, which was within her reduced means. He helped the girl get the pupils which her musical ability made possible; in fact, he aided her in every way before he said a word about his love. But at last the day came when it was possible to speak of his desire, and of the romance he had builded from the rose leaf which had fluttered to him on a windy night.

"I knew you were mine from that moment," he said, transformed by love from a somewhat insignificant bookkeeper to a brave wooer.

"Perhaps I knew it, too," Doris admitted. "Do you know what I said when I sent the rose leaves fluttering out upon the wind?"

He shook his head.

"I said, 'Petals, bring me a friend,'" she told him. Then she turned to him with a charming gesture. "But they brought me more than that, they brought me you—my lover and my husband."

DR. E. F. PELLETTE, OSTEOPATHIC

PHYSICIAN

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PUBLICATION SUMMONS

(First published January 1, 1911.)

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF SEWARD COUNTY, KANSAS.

H. Hobbie, Plaintiff

F. G. Jones, et al. Defendants

The State of Kansas to the defendants, The S. L. Davidson Mortgage Company, a domestic corporation; If the said corporation has a legal existence, and if said corporation does not have a legal existence, then the unknown successors, trustees and assigns of said corporation: You and each of you will hereby take notice that You and each of you have been sued in the above entitled action in said court as defendants, and that you and each of you must answer the petition of plaintiff filed in said action on or before the fifth day of February, 1911, or said petition will be taken as true and judgment accordingly rendered quieting and perfecting plaintiff's title to and possession of the following described real estate, to-wit: The northwest quarter of section thirteen in township thirty-five south of range thirty-four west of 9th. P. M. in Seward County, Kansas, and a further judgment bearing and excluding you and each of you, and all persons claiming or to claim by, through or under you or any of you from any right, title, interest, equity or estate in or to said real estate that you may have or claim to have and enjoining you and each of you from asserting or setting up any such right, title, interest, equity or estate adverse to the title and possession of plaintiff.

F. S. Macy, Clerk of the District Court.
Attorney for Plaintiff
(Seal.)

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